

Just for Love (Part 1)

Quicksilver Messenger Service

Just about love, like the wing of some high-flying bird,
Of the songs I will sing to you, you can hear every word,
That I ever heard come to you.
Of the people I've been, of the visions I have seen,
Of the things I think about, of situations that I can hear some
times,
And the places I have been at times, just trying to be,
These things can only happen once in a lifetime,
These things can only matter here if you have time.
Someone will touch you softly and it will be me,
Someone will call your name and then come to me, free.
Free as the wind, free as the rain falling,
Free as the night, free as nature calling